



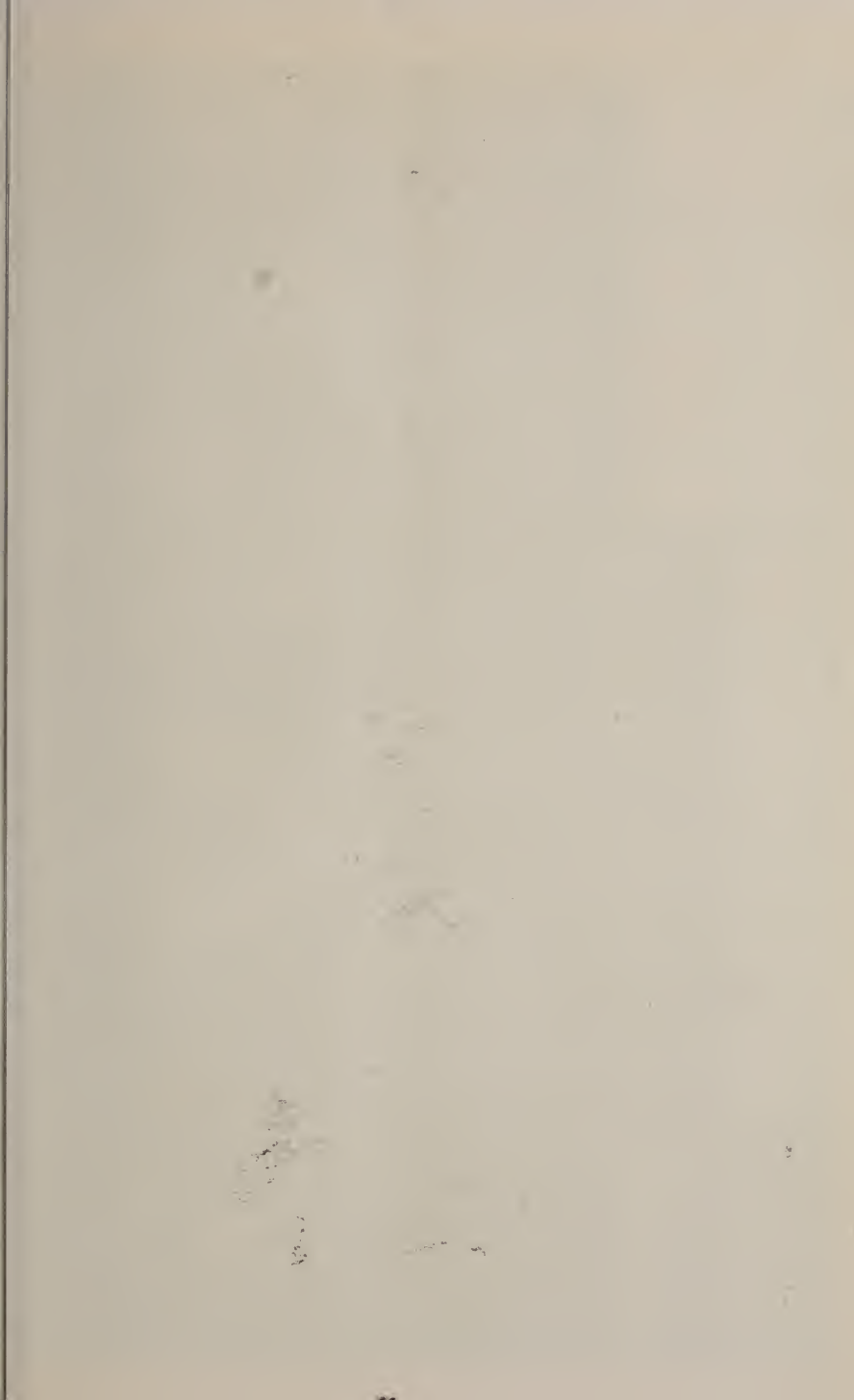


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**NEW GROWTH AT MATSUYAMA**  
A Happy Group of Kindergarten People

# Life and Light

Vol. XLIX

April, 1919

No. 4

## An Easter Message

### For Troubled Workers

**I**T was at the end of a week of difficult and perplexing effort. We had been busy over plans which seemed full of promise for the work nearest our hearts, the winning of the world for Christ. But the work had not gone easily. Some of our leaders had been compelled to drop out leaving other workers overburdened; misunderstandings had to be straightened out; delays came when our greatest need was haste; there was tardy response where we looked for ready cooperation, and countless seemingly trivial questions arose making heavy demands on our rapidly failing supplies of time and strength. Now that the end of the week had come, there seemed little to show for our hours of effort but a lifeless, unorganized mass of detail, and at last I lay down to rest utterly weary and sick at heart, wondering why I had undertaken a task for which I evidently had neither ability or strength.

Who can explain or understand the ways of the mind and the spirit when the body lies lost in sleep? I only know that as I began to awake in the hush and the glory of a cloudless Sunday morning, there seemed to stand by my side the shining figure of our Elder Brother. As I gazed in silent wonder, He smiled, and laying His hand upon the disordered and meaningless heap in which my troubled thoughts of the night before seemed to take visible shape, He gently said, "I am the Life." A great peace filled my heart as the assurance came that under His hand our feeble plans would *live* and bear fruit; and with the assurance came the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my power is made perfect in weakness." As I awoke to full consciousness, I knew that to me had already come a foretaste of the Easter joy.



We find ourselves today in a world from which the storm clouds of war are lifting, but a world which still lies crushed and broken by the fury of the tempest through which it has passed. Look where we will, we see desperate needs; needs of sad and bleeding hearts, needs of weary and broken bodies, needs of confused and restless spirits. How are these needs to be met? Where can we find wisdom and strength and courage for the task? There is no lack of plans, plans so many and so vast that we almost gasp as we read of them. Indeed, how often we find ourselves with hands hanging helpless and idle while we seem overwhelmed by the very complexity and mass of detail of these plans, and the old question comes to us as it did to Ezekiel, "Can these dry bones live?" For if resurrection is to come to this world, buried for four long years in the death and decay of cruel war, our plans must have the power which comes from life, a life more real and vital than can arise from organization however perfect and carefully worked out.

Where can we find a message for ourselves, where can we find a message we can give to others, which will assure us of this life? The Easter time is here, the time which stands to us as symbol of the triumph and vindication of our faith in life unending. Let us lift our eyes, for surely close beside us stands the radiant form of the Son of God, and still to us His voice is speaking, "I am the Life. Lo, I am with you alway."

M. G. M.

### There's a Light upon the Mountains

(From *The New Hymn Book*)

There's a light upon the mountains and the day is at the spring,  
When our eyes shall see the beauty and the glory of the King:  
Weary was our heart with waiting, and the night-watch seemed  
so long,

But His triumph-day is breaking and we hail it with a song.

In the fading of the starlight we may see the coming morn;  
And the lights of men are paling in the splendours of the dawn;



For the eastern skies are glowing as with light of hidden fire,  
And the hearts of men are stirring with the throbs of deep  
desire.

He is breaking down the barriers, He is casting up the way;  
He is calling for His angels to build up the gates of day:  
But his angels here are human, not the shining hosts above;  
For the drum-beats of His army are the heart-beats of our love.

—*Dr. Henry Burton.*

## Editorials

The Campaign for Recruits approved by the Federation January 14, began in Philadelphia January 22. Posters and Rainbow leaflets were still in the printer's hands but proofs were shown and the program given as planned. Two hundred invited guests met in the Friends' Clubhouse. Dr. Everett of the Medical School presided. The four-minute women included Dr. Potter of the Medical School, Miss Rachel Lowrey, Miss Pancoast and others. Philadelphia is continuing with a series of Rainbow meetings.

Washington, D. C., held a Rainbow meeting January 27, and with more time secured an attendance of three hundred. Mrs. MacDowell, Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Burrell and Mrs. McGrew were delightful as four-minute women. Mrs. Montgomery presented the recruit "Call of the World Today." Mrs. Peabody acted as recruiting officer, speaking on the "Call of the King," and presented posters and dedication cards. Volunteers have followed and pledges of money as well as life are coming in to the Boards.

Deland, Fla., held the next Rainbow meeting in the lovely home of Mrs. Theodore Page. Among the invited guests was a large group of college girls. One result was the formation of four study classes. The Dean of the college, with Mrs. Page will lead these classes.

Chicago, with wonderful enterprise and the fine organization of the Middle West, responded to the call of Mrs. Steele, Presi-

dent of the Federation, and gathered a group of two hundred and fifty professional women, February 21. Plans are under way to place the posters and leaflets in hospitals and colleges. Instead of the four-minute talks, brief addresses were given by Dr. Tucker of China, Miss Laughlin of New York, and Mrs. Silverthorne of Chicago.

We hastened from Chicago to Pittsburgh for Saturday evening, February 22nd. Here also were two hundred and fifty professional women at a dinner in the beautiful Y. W. C. A. building. Among the four-minute women were Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Isaacs, and Miss Kinnear. Mrs. Porter, Chairman of the Rainbow Committee of Forty, had planned also a great mass meeting for Sunday afternoon. One of the leading physicians of Pittsburgh has presented her resignation to the hospital where she is serving and will sail for China in September. The Committee of Forty will plan at once for at least ten more Rainbow meetings in western Pennsylvania.

Buffalo held the sixth Rainbow meeting, February 25, excelling all in numbers. Forty patronesses provided cafeteria supper for five hundred young women who were personally invited.

Worcester planned for Rainbow No. 7 on March 6, and Boston followed March 7th with the eighth.

The meetings held have been beyond our expectations. Many young women are inquiring about our foreign mission work and we may expect decisions. The work of local committees is worthy of the highest praise.

Posters, Plan and Rainbow leaflets are on sale at all Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions. "Help make the Rainbow."

The new text-book published by the Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions is now ready. This book,

**The New Text-Book.** "The Crusade of Compassion for the Healing of the Nations; a Study of Medical Missions for Women and Children," has been compiled by Dr. Belle Allen of the Methodist W. F. M. S. who has been a medical missionary at Baroda, India, and

who has been able to draw upon her own experience for facts and illustrations. It has been edited by Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason whose genius as a writer is too well known to need comment here. Following as it does upon the crest of the wave of interest evoked by the Red Cross, this book is another and a signal witness to the fact that the Central Committee has during the twenty years of its experience been guided in a marvellous manner in the selection of topics and in the wealth of material it has been able to place in the hands of missionary women. We predict an unusual demand for this text-book, which will interest not senior societies alone but all young women's organizations as well. It is tellingly illustrated, has good chapter outlines and makes a romantic as well as a Christian appeal to every thinking woman on behalf of the "daughters of sorrow." We hope to have a review of this book, written by Dr. Rose F. Beals of Wai, India, in the next number of LIFE AND LIGHT. The price is thirty-five cents plus postage—cloth bound copies are fifty cents.

As a Woman's Board we are very fortunate in having secured the promise of a series of programs based on this book to be prepared by Mrs. H. H. Powers of Newton, Mass., whose outline studies on *An African Trail* were so valuable and so widely used. We hope to offer these programs at the Northfield Summer School in July, possibly a little earlier.

The book for Juniors has been written by Mrs. C. M. L. Sites of Foochow, who will be well remembered as Miss Evelyn Worthley, a missionary of our own Board in Foochow, but now connected with the Methodist Mission. Mrs. Sites has produced in "Mook, True Tales of a Chinese Boy and His Friends," a classic for children, with a beauty of type-dress and illustration seldom seen in a text-book. This will fascinate the little children wherever they are permitted to possess it. The price has been placed a little above that of former junior books because of the great expense involved in publication. It will sell for thirty cents in paper, fifty cents in cloth, plus postage.

As the edition of "Women Workers in the Orient" was exhausted early last winter a word to the wise advises the placing

of orders for the "Crusade of Compassion" without delay. A poster advertising this book is one of the set of Rainbow Posters which many of the auxiliaries will wish to purchase.

The slogan of the Campaign for Recruits, "Help to Make the Rainbow," was happily exemplified in the meeting held in Ford Hall, Boston, March 7, when a company of 300 "picked women," including patronesses, sat down together to a delicious "Rainbow Supper" in the midst of rainbow decorations with young women ushers whose rainbow sashes carried out the color scheme. Mrs. Everett E. Kent of Newton, Mass., presided. "The Call of the World" was sounded by Dr. Joseph Robbins of the Baptist Board and Dr. Katharine Scott of our own Woman's Board. The six Four-Minute Women put clearly before the girls the "Who? When? and How?" series of leaflets, and "The Call of the King" was most impressively given by Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, whose deep spiritual appeal was listened to in the midst of a breathless silence. Results in the way of signatures to the Dedication Card, and offers of "enlistment for overseas service" have already come in as a sequence of this meeting.

A Missionary Service Flag on which each church may place stars for its missionaries is in process of preparation. Meantime, let the sale of posters and leaflets attest the interest of the praying women behind the lines of recruits.

Miss Annie E. Gordon of Aintab and Miss Emily McCallum of Smyrna have arrived in this country and are both in Toronto for the present. Miss Esther B. Fowler of Sholapur, India, has been visiting family friends in Boston during March. She has been studying for a few months at the Kennedy School of Missions before returning to the station so sadly crippled by the death of Miss Harding. Miss Elizabeth C. Clarke of Sofia, after long delay in Salonica, arrived in New York about the middle of March.

**Making the  
Rainbow in  
Boston.**

**Personals.**



Miss Mae Harbert of Portland, Oregon, has recently been adopted by the Woman's Board of Missions. Miss Harbert is a graduate of the University of Oregon, as well as the Oregon Normal School. Since her graduation she has had marked success as a teacher and has also had experience in various kinds of Christian work. Her support will be shared by the Norfolk and Pilgrim and Old Colony Branches.

**Two New  
Missionaries.**



Miss Harbert



Miss Denison

Miss Annie May Denison is a New Hampshire girl, born in Hillsboro, of English parentage. After graduating from the High School she had a business position in her own town for several years, leaving this work in 1917 to take a course in the School of Religious Pedagogy at Hartford, from which she will graduate in May. She will be ready to sail during the coming summer and has been appointed to Turkey.

Cables received by the American Board give information regarding the work of the Commission in Turkey where all facilities for travel and transportation have been afforded by the authorities. An expedition has been sent to the Caucasus taking flour, clothing and workers. Another party goes to Central Anatolia to establish hospital and relief centers in Konia, Cesarea, Malatia and Harpoot.

**From the  
Relief  
Commission.**

The "Leviathan" docked at Brest February 23 and arrangements were made for the speedy continuation of the journey. On arrival at Marseilles the party embarked immediately on the "Gloucester Castle" for Salonika, sailing February 26. The motto adopted is "He led them safely on." Letters received from members of the missionary company speak of busy days on board ship with classes and other forms of preparation for the work ahead.

The latest cable from Dr. Barton is most encouraging. All the missionary force will be needed at the earliest possible moment. Prices of food are falling in consequence of the arrival of food supplies. The entire country is awaiting strong, sane, fraternal Christian approach.

One million dollars is asked of the Committee for Relief in the Near East for seed for spring sowing as the famished sufferers have eaten their seed grain.

During the month of February nine of the eleven districts of Suffolk Branch held annual meetings. It was the wish of the Branch that at these gatherings the financial policy of the Woman's Board should be presented and discussed, as a background for the action of the Branch in annual session March 4. Accordingly officers of the Board have spoken at each of these districts. The attendance has been gratifying and the response to the message cordial. As this is one of our most financially able Branches, the amount of the increase asked is considerable, and every effort should be put forth during the next few months to achieve the goal of \$29,211 set before the societies.

At the meeting of District No. 1, held in the First Church of Everett, a beautiful tribute prepared by Mrs. F. T. Crommett was paid to the memory of Miss Jennie B. Buck, for eight years secretary of that District and for several years one of the three foreign secretaries of the Branch. Miss Buck passed into the Higher Service in November, and was laid to rest on her seventy-

seventh birthday. Her beauty of character, her devotion to missions and her painstaking and faithful attention to details were all set forth by Mrs. Crommett in the paper, which we are sorry not to quote.

The Conditional Gifts Fund has had several additions made to it of late. One one thousand dollar bond was given by a friend who had previously made a similar gift to the Conditional Gifts Fund. Another gift is so much out of the usual order that we want to make special mention of it.

It is made by a woman for the benefit of her grandchildren. The arrangement is such that the interest will be paid to each child on his or her birthday. We like to think of this beautiful method chosen by the grandmother to perpetuate her memory in the lives of these young children. We like to think of her confidence in the Woman's Board as she looks forward to this income being paid in all probability long after any of the present officers are living. We like best of all to think that an enduring interest in our work must be created in the mind of each child as year after year the check is received from the Woman's Board of Missions. Are there not others with grandchildren or even with nephews and nieces who would like to adopt this idea?

#### THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, FEBRUARY 1—28, 1919

	From Branches	From Other Sources	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from Investments and Deposits	TOTAL
1918 . . . .	\$10,233.64	\$1,190.00	\$137.50	\$315.22	\$11,876.36
1919 . . . .	9,165.08	51.44	654.16	302.50	10,173.18
Gain . . . .			\$516.66		
Loss . . . .	\$1,068.56	\$1,138.56		\$12.72	\$1,703.18

OCTOBER 18, 1918—FEBRUARY 28, 1919

1918 . . . . .	\$43,793.37	\$4,380.97	\$17,190.40	\$2,389.55	\$67,754.29
1919 . . . . .	47,688.66	1,031.22	12,628.81	2,607.70	63,956.39
Gain . . . . .	\$3,895.29			\$218.15	
Loss . . . . .		\$3,349.75	\$4,561.59		\$3,797.90



### Mary B. Harding

Letters received from Sholapur are filled with expressions of sorrow at the loss of Miss Harding, since 1897 a very important member of the station staff. We give below a few extracts from these letters.—  
The Editor.

Mary Ballantine Harding, after a three weeks' illness, left us on the fourth of January for her better home. Those of you who knew her will grieve with us and will realize how much poorer the world is for her going. Forbidden to take part in any public service because of serious heart trouble she yet lived so truly like her Master that her quiet influence with its gentle sweetness, generosity and self-sacrificing Christian love permeated the entire Christian community and was felt for among the Hindu women of the city. She was universally loved. Her work as Principal of the Josephine Kindergarten School has been of great importance and has shown its results in the lives of the girls who have gone forth from intimate association with her better women as well as better teachers, to carry the Christ love for little children into all parts of the Presidency. Her death leaves a great burden upon us all. . . . .

It is strange that one so frail should be the one upon whom we leaned so much. Her going has left our people poorer but we are praying that we may turn our mourning into character more like the Master's as hers was.

Miss Welles will now have to take up full duties, in association with Miss Seiler who has been loaned to us by the Presbyterian Mission till June. Beyond that we cannot see but we know that the good Father never fails us and we are leaving it all to Him.

K. F. G.

Live as if Christ had died yesterday, rose again this morning, and was coming back tomorrow.

—*Dr. Maclaren.*

## New Growth at Matsuyama

By Cornelia Judson

A SHORT time ago we held a memorial service in my house for five of our former Night School students who died of the influenza during the fall. Three of them had been baptized, one of whom, a graduate of 1917, was the only child of his mother, a widow, and was praised by all as an exemplary son, always seeking to help and comfort his mother. Of the two unbaptized ones, the Salvation Army claimed one. The fifth one had become a policeman in a village many miles away, up over our highest mountains, where he was in charge of quite a district up there on the cold "top of the world" where the people have a bad reputation for drinking and immorality. I am told he was called a "model policeman" and did everything in his power to restrain the people from evil ways and preached temperance to them.

When this man came to the Night School, he used to walk six miles over the mountains to school, a rough road, and six miles back after school had closed at night and then worked for his father all day. His father would not allow him to continue attending school long—it was too much for his physical strength. After that when his father used to send him to Matsuyama with loads of wood, cut from the mountains, he invariably came to the Night School to borrow books and to learn more of the teachings of Christ for which he was eager; and when he could come in on Sunday, he came to church.

Then he had to enter the barracks and although the soldiers receive such a tiny pittance that most of them feel they cannot possibly get along without help from their homes, he economized so severely that he sent money to his parents. Then he became a policeman in a yet more distant mountain village and so had not yet reached the point of receiving baptism, but was he not one to whom the Lord will say, "Come up higher and receive the full instruction you have always longed for?"

We have many students who make tremendous efforts to gain an education. Across the river and farther to the east is a straggling village where nearly all the people make paper. Yoda San rises at four every morning, makes paper all day and is so constant in his attendance at Night School and evening church that the Japanese say, "He never fails." Two others come with him from that village who work as hard as he does.

Miss Komatsu works from early morning until night in the tobacco factory in which Miss Suzuki, who graduated at the head of her class in 1917, earned her way while preparing in the Night School to enter the Girls' School. Miss Komatsu hopes to enter the third year class in the Girls' School in April and we think she will be able to do so.

My new pet, the kindergarten in the Night School building, makes its bow to you and to the Woman's Board and to all its friends, in the photographs which I have sent you. Aren't they cunning? And aren't their mothers and grandfathers proud? The kindergarten was opened October 1, 1918. At first we purposed to receive only twenty-five children this year, as Mrs. Ikuwo Nishimura is the only trained kindergarten teacher we have. Her associate, Miss Suzuki, is one of the best we have ever graduated from the two schools, but as she is new to kindergarten work, we decided to begin with only one class of twenty-five children and take in the second class this next April, but there were so many urgent applications that we have now thirty-one children.

In the kindergarten picture Mrs. Nishimura sits at one end of the front line, with a little girl almost in her lap, who is holding her hat in her hands. At the other end of the line sits Miss Suzuki—bright and earnest helper and Sunday school teacher—engaged to marry Mr. Futagami, one of our former Night School teachers and now in the Doshisha Theological course. Mr. Nishimura stands in the back row, holding in his arms a child with a hat on. (*See Frontispiece.*)

Since the Night School was built, that neighborhood has improved very much and there are now many nice families near the

Night School, as well as many very poor ones, and they all express their great joy in having a kindergarten for the neighborhood.

When a talk is given to the mothers of the kindergarten children about the training of their children the eagerness with which they listen shows how open is the approach to their hearts through their children. About one-quarter of the children come from homes where the parents have had no education, but the children are sent nice and clean to school. A few come from the homes of former Night School graduates and these we are particularly glad to receive, but Night School students come from all over Matsuyama and from the villages beyond, while children of kindergarten age do not go very far from their homes.

The next branching out from the Night School should be into the many homes of the kindergarten children and of the Night School students, past and present. For that immense field of work and that of the homes related to the Girls' School, during the past more than thirty years, I could use a whole band of Bible women. With the help of the good women whom I hope you will give me later, I trust many homes will be reached and evangelized.

In making over a part of the school building for the kindergarten, my first plan was to use one of the two large rooms in the big building, but the two long rooms on each side of the hall are narrow with square pillars at intervals on either side of the hall, so that there was not width enough for the kindergarten circle; so I made over a part of the old building in use as a dormitory, shifting the boys around.

By taking out a partition so as to throw the hall into the large room, this building is wide enough to make the circle. A floor had to be laid as the flooring under Japanese mats is made very roughly, using odds and ends of boards. An outhouse and a place for their umbrellas and wooden clogs had to be made and hat-racks, for the little children often wear hats.

Things cost twenty prices in Japan now, so it all cost more than I had expected, but that is a way things have of doing. The



repairs cost yen 429.00; materials for the children's use, together with charcoal, brooms, etc., yen 81.13. Of course, these initial expenses all come at once but I suspect a kindergarten is a rather expensive institution. I think I must pay Mrs. Nishimura yen 10.00 a month as her husband is receiving so small a salary in the Girls' School, not more than half what he could easily get as a graduate of the Imperil University.

We are using little, old, cut-down benches, and borrowing the sewing girls' long sewing boards for their tables. Of course



Class in Sewing and Etiquette, Night School, Matsuyama

eventually they must have little kindergarten chairs and tables; and they want now the 5th and 6th sets of play-materials, blocks, swings, spades, etc. A wash-room must be provided and a place in which to play in sand; and the teachers want music books and books for their own study. I am holding them back as far as possible in the expenditures until prices come down, if they are ever going to do so.

You would have loved to see the children when on New Year's

Day, all dressed in their bright, pretty, best clothes, they came with their teachers, to make their New Year's call and brought me in a large low pot a lovely dwarf pine tree, set in a miniature Japanese garden, with a dwarf blossoming plum tree, in which Mr. Nishimura placed two diminutive storks. It is sweet, and they were sweeter.

During 1918 in addition to the kindergarten children, 108 students entered the Night School. The year's average has been 89. The class that should have graduated in 1918, for one reason and another, melted away before reaching graduation. One student by studying in the day time as much as possible went from our second year into the third year of the Hokuyo High School (regular city school) where he is number ten in a class of fifty students.

Another boy, an earnest Christian and fine scholar, who I hoped would go to the Doshisha, was summoned home on account of his father's death and has ever since had to carry on the farm work to support the family of which he is now the head. It was a terrible disappointment to him and a great disappointment to us also.

Another young man, also baptized, dropped out—at first expecting to come back—because of very busy times in the bank in which he works; but he was promoted and has now quite a responsible position and has become busier and busier. Yet the Night School did its work for him. He is a very fine man.

We have several students who have entered the Hokuyo High School. Last spring Mr. Futagami, a Christian student, after graduating from our third year, and then helping us one year as a teacher, entered the Hokuyo fourth year class and is number five in a class of fifty. Mr. Kawaguchi, who graduated in the same class and entered the Hokuyo third year at once is number three or four of the same class.

Last spring three who should have graduated this year left us—Mr. Kinoshita from our second year to enter the Commercial School third year class, in which he is number four. There were thirty applications for admission to that third year class and

only one could be admitted to complete the number of the class. Mr. Kinoshita was that one chosen. Mr. Kashiwa and Mr. Miyauchi, both Christians, went from our second year into the Hokuyo third year, where Mr. Kashiwa is number four, and Mr. Miyauchi number ten of their class.

Mr. Miyauchi and his older brother, a carpenter, live together and he does *all* the cooking and housework, the carpenter brother having to work all day. He also gets up at four o'clock and peddles milk over a milk route.

We hate to lose our boys before graduation, but when they make such good records as Mr. Kinoshita and Mr. Kashiwa have done, we are proud of them too for being able to enter the Hokuyo a year earlier than could have been expected and still ranking high. Two others of this same class left during their second year to go to technical schools.

Eleven of our Night School teachers are Sunday school teachers.

#### MY WAY

*Mayhap it stretches very far,  
 Mayhap it shines from star to star;  
 Mayhap through worlds as yet unformed  
 Its never-ending journey runs,  
 Through worlds that now are whirling wraiths  
 Of formless mists between the suns.  
 I go—beyond my widest ken—  
 But shall not pass this way again.*

*So, as I go and cannot stay  
 And never more shall pass this way,  
 I hope to sow the way with deeds  
 Whose seeds shall bloom like Maytime meads,  
 And flood my onward path with words  
 That thrill the day like singing birds;  
 That other travelers following on  
 May find a gleam and not a gloom,  
 May find their path in pleasant way,  
 A trail of music and of bloom.*

—Sam Walter Foss.



## Influence Group at the Tunghsien Girls' School

By Alice M. Huggins

LET me begin my story by telling you of a young Chinese woman, whom we used as *amah* where I lived last year. She was our old *amah's* younger sister and that was how we came to take her on, when we needed extra help. She had no particular qualifications, being just a poor, ignorant heathen girl with a good-for-nothing husband. While I was ill in bed with the chicken-pox she interested me as she worked around the room, dusting and tidying it up a bit each day. I had been talking to her and mentioned among other things, a little cup that needed to be washed. Then, as she went on dusting she mumbled over and over, "Little cup, little cup." She seemed to

have absolutely nothing in her head but this one phrase. Happy and smiling always, she was inquisitive about all the things she found in the room. One day I found stamps had been taken off of envelopes; another day I found my camera opened and a film exposed. She was happy to have a chance to get a little money to help get her over the days, but her ignorance was appalling.

Let me turn to another picture of three of our college girls from Tunghsien, girls no older than the *amah* of whom I have told you. Two are Senior



The Two "Amahs"

and one a Junior this year. One is president of the Y. W. C. A. One was chairman last year of the committee that managed a home for thirty little refugee girls from the flooded districts, of whom you have probably heard.

Upon her rested the responsibility of those little people, with other girls as her assistants on subordinate committees. It was wonderful to see her ability to think out plans for them, plans for financing the project, for finding machines on which new clothes could be made for them, programs for entertainments to raise funds for them, etc. It was she who led them when they appeared in public. The third girl is one of the most popular in the college, daughter of one of the preachers of another mission, coming from a family of which all are Christians,—a fine capable girl. All are among the most athletic of the girls in the school; you should see them on the basketball field.

What a contrast there is between this pleasant, but fearfully ignorant, empty-headed serving woman and these college girls, of the same age, but quick, capable, splendid managers of worthwhile tasks. Our school in Tunghsien is just a link in the chain that runs from one to the other.

Throughout the country in the little towns are primary schools (in a place as large as Tunghsien there are five) all of which may send pupils to this boarding school. From it they go to the higher institutions,—the Academy and College, in Peking. While I was still in America I used to wonder what Chinese girls studied in school and perhaps you too may be interested to find out what they study in a Christian grade or grammar school. There are reading, writing and composition in Chinese, a study of the Chinese classics, Chinese history, Mathematics, Bible, Geography (especially of China), Physiology, Elementary Science, and English and Music. They are also given instruction in physical drill and a little sewing and knitting. This year they are knitting for the Chinese Red Cross, which is a new organization. They have a basketball court and playground. Of course, no girl can attend the school who does not have unbound feet, so all these girls can play and run and have as jolly a time as

American girls can. You would know that they enjoy themselves, if you could hear them shouting at play.

They do their own work with the help of an old woman who cooks for them and a man who helps them keep the school in order. They manage their own kitchen and cook, and the serving and cleaning up in the dining room. With the supervision of a teacher they manage the buying of the food supplies, too, furnishing food and service for \$2.50 a month per student. Their diet is mainly corn-meal (bread and mush) and a Chinese cabbage.

The staff of teachers is composed of a principal, an old teacher of the classics and two Academy graduates. They have some help from foreigners in music and English, but in other matters, including athletics, the teachers have charge.

In these days when China is groping for democracy along with the other nations it means something to find the daughter of a wealthy carpenter, who lived in a house as fine as any of the foreigners have, with good furnishings, and a poor little girl who has no home but a mud hut of one room, who has almost nothing and must have help to buy clothing and books, working together and having all things in the school in common. There is no feeling of superiority or inferiority on the part of either, seemingly. In fact En Jung might look up to Pi Fu Jung in English



Miss Huggins and "Influence Group"

classes, for Pi Fu Jung, although the daughter of the serving woman of the school, is one of the best in the class.

We have a plant quite suitable and adequate for the size of the school at present, though in the future we may need more. We certainly appreciate the work and money put into it in the past. It is now not possible to run the school on a self-supporting basis, however. The tuitions are not sufficient to pay the running expenses of the school, for most of the girls are not at all rich and many need to be helped, while the parents of others undergo hardships to find the money for their daughters' education. Mrs. Pi, Fu Jung's mother, has two daughters in the fifth and sixth grades. She receives for wages \$4 a month and her food, and every bit of the \$4 is turned back to be applied on the food money of her two girls, so that we need to give them fifty cents a month each to complete the necessary sum. In some way they manage to find for themselves clothing and books. Many others are struggling just as hard to get their daughters educated. And the girls spend their hearts in hard studying, intent on proving themselves worthy. They are making good and show that they are going to keep on making good.

We do not ask for new school buildings or new dormitories, but we do wish to remind you that the whole thing is absolutely dependent upon the generosity of people at home who make possible the paying of teachers' salaries, the paying of coal bills and the upkeep of the buildings. And we are always in need of more scholarships. There would always be more girls to come, if there were some way of paying for clothing, books and food; there are always bright girls who cannot come because they lack one or all of these absolute necessities. Board costs \$25 a year, and tuition varies with the grade, the highest being \$4 a year for girls of our own mission. Books would cost perhaps \$2 a year, while clothes are really quite expensive.

We have a scholarship fund and my aim is to help the brightest, the most promising and those who are most willing to work hard for what they get. The scholarship girls must keep up in their work.



One day as I was calling in the village near us I found a little girl in one of the homes who attracted me greatly. "Do you study?" I asked. "Yes," replied the mother, eagerly, "She used to study at the girls' school, but about a week ago the teacher told her to bring her tuition money, and you know we cannot find a dollar, if we try ever so hard, for that tuition. So I told her she must stay at home. She has her books and loves to read them." All she lacked was the money for tuition, so I told her to go back to school the next day and that I would pay the sum she needed, if she would study very hard and give her teacher no cause to scold her for being naughty and every Sunday would bring her three little brothers to Sunday school. The teacher says she is doing fine work, for she is a thoughtful little youngster, serious and quiet, but you may be sure that nothing gets by her. She is going to be "Johnny on the spot" all the time and not waste her energies by looking about the room.

Two of our scholarship girls are girls of good family, whose mother is dead and whose father has disappeared, so that they are quite as badly off as if they were really orphans. These two girls stand right at the top of the school. Such girls set the standard for other girls to maintain, and are the most satisfying sort of girls to help to an education.

## Surveying Our New Field

By Barbara Howland Barber

Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Barber have just joined the Mexican Mission and are stationed at Matzothan. Mrs. Barber is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John Howland of Mexico City.—The Editor.

**H**ERE beginneth the chronicle of our trip to Pozole! Pozole is a little bit of a village about sixty miles from Mazatlan. Ever since we came here we have heard about the Pozole church and have planned to visit the folks. Therefore, we rose up last week, packed our suitcase, rolled our Indian blanket, and departed, accompanied by "Brother

Topete," the tailor preacher who was the prime mover in the forming of the church. We took a "Fordcito" (little Ford) at



Rev. C. H. Barber

the market-square corner and were driven swiftly and a bit recklessly to the railroad station about a mile away. I wish I could picture to you the beauty of that early morning scene,—blue sky, blue ocean, delicately tinted cliffs with brown, red, blue and green lights, flat houses of all col-



Mrs. Barber

ors, grayish pink cathedral towers, picturesque cocoanut palms and purplish mountains in the background.

At the station we took the train and rode for over three hours, amusing ourselves with learning the names of the many strange trees and flowers. Finally we arrived at Rosario, the mining town from which we were to be conveyed to Pozole. There we purchased some "hot tamales" (corn meal and meat and chile combination wrapped in corn husks) for our lunch, some cake and fruit, and clambered into our funny little two-wheeled mule cart. Picture us crowded into that one shaky, springless rig,—four men, a boy, the driver and myself. Mr. Barber and I sat on our suitcase and found it much more comfortable than the hard floor of the cart. Once in a while we'd "duck" when we went under the prickly branches of some tropical tree. We passed immense fields of luxuriant corn, as it is almost time for the second harvest of the year. The ground is rich and fertile for it is often covered with water from the swollen river. Just now, since it is dry season, the river is not more than two or three feet deep and we were able to splash through it in grand style. Did you ever try to swim in a cart? I advise you to try it if you get a chance. We were told there were crocodiles in the river, but they kept themselves discreetly hidden.

We did see all sorts of enormous lizards, however,—black, yellow, and red. They say the flesh tastes like chicken but I've never sampled it (as far as I know). We found several lovely wild flowers growing along the road but not knowing tropical botany we had no idea what their names were.

At last we arrived at the outskirts of the village and entered one of the streets. The houses are made of adobe (sun-dried brick) and have thatch roofs made of dry palm leaves. We jogged along until we came to the house where the local pastor is living with one of the members of the church who offered to take him in. We were greeted with great cordiality in spite of the fact that our letter had miscarried and no one was expecting us. The two families live together, sharing the hut which forms the living room and the open-air kitchen.

In an incredibly short time they had scurried around and prepared us a delicious Mexican dinner. We ate under a thatched platform which connects the house with the kitchen. It was Mr. Barber's first meal without knife and fork and he managed very well. The poor man's knife and fork and spoon is the tortilla (corn cake) broken into convenient little cornucopias which shovel the food from plate to mouth. One eats one's spoon at each mouthful!

I wish I could make you picture that kitchen with its sloping roof, its picturesque three-legged stone mill and its mud fire-place. As we sat at the table we could look out into the yard where a fat pig wallowed in the mud and innumerable little yellow ducks scuttled around in search of bugs. During our visit we had ducks, hens, dogs, cats, pigs and babies ambling around under the table while we ate. The youngest baby is a darling,—plump and fat and bright-eyed.

After dinner we went calling and received a most hearty welcome wherever we went. In the evening we sat around the supper table and listened in the semi-darkness to the tale of the early days of the church. Some day I'm going to write up the whole account, but I cannot resist telling you a bit of the history now. A dozen or so years ago "Brother Topete" arrived



in Pozole. He was not a Christian though he had heard the Gospel preached when he was a boy and heartily approved of it for other people! As for himself, it involved too much to change a wandering musician, comedian, clown, and magician into a serious-minded man who did not drink or live an immoral life. One day a friend lent him a Bible and he and his brother-in-law began to read it. They got so interested they sat up nights to read it. Convinced that this Gospel was what he needed, Topete started out to hunt the Protestants. Being told there were some in a village about thirty miles away, he hunted them up, made friends with them and finally succeeded in persuading one family to move to Pozole and live in the house with them. Little by little the Topete family and his brothers-in-law became converted and at last they sent word to Mazatlan requesting that the itinerant preacher visit them on his next round. When he came twelve were received into church membership.

They continued to meet by themselves, reading the Bible and praying as best they could under the leadership of Topete. His brother-in-law offered to donate a bit of land next to his house for a church. They all "pitched in" and made adobes and built the church themselves, the women earning a dollar apiece to pay for the doors. The next time the preacher came there were twenty new members and dozens of believers, so that now practically the whole village is Protestant at least in sympathy. It is probably the only so-called Protestant village in Mexico. Their church is the only one in the village. The early days were full of excitement, danger and enthusiasm,—but I can't tell about it now!

After a stay of several days, living with our hospitable friends, sleeping in the little one-roomed hut on a bed of woven cowhide thongs with a straw mat for a mattress and a floursack curtain separating us from the other five persons in the room, while five more folks slept on cots and in cradles outside in the kitchen, we made our departure. (The curtain, by the way, was the one used at Christmas time, and had a painting on it of

Santa Claus in his sleigh! Almost the whole village attended the Christmas tree exercises held in front of the hut.)

We two departed on horseback this time, accompanied by four folks in an old two-wheeled rig ("spiders," they call them here.) We had with us a live hen and a rooster, two pineapple plants, one unripe pineapple, a bag of corn, a large photograph in a gold frame, two large paw-paw melons—all presents from one or another of the crowd. When we crossed the river the hen was almost drowned in the bottom of the carriage and continued to shiver (?) all day.

We spent the night at Rosario in the home of Topete's son-in-law and had a most royal welcome. He is a peddler and a most enthusiastic distributor of Christian literature into the bargain. We had a meeting in his house in the evening. You should have seen and heard the howling mob which collected around the open door and window! A few lumps of dirt were thrown in, but the people were pretty good on the whole. Mr. Barber was asked to speak at the end of the meeting and of course had to do it in English, with me as interpreter. We were afraid they would break out into derision at the foreign language, but much to our surprise they listened very attentively.

The next day we wandered around town, peeped into the cathedral, looked at the painting of Saint Joseph of the mountains, to whom letters are written with various requests. The letters are addressed to "St. Joseph, Estimable husband of Mary, Rosario, Sinaloa, Mexico," or addressed to him "In heaven," or "City," or "Church of Rosario." They are burned by the priest once in a while so that the requests may reach St. Joseph.

Then home we went to Mazatlan where we found the Commission from the American Board awaiting us, having arrived earlier than we expected them; and after several services and "fiestas" in their honor we all took the steamer for Manzanillo. From there we came to Guadalajara for our regular annual meeting and the meeting with the Commission. We have so enjoyed their visit and their help in making plans for the future.

# Board of the Pacific

*President, MRS. E. A. EVANS*

*Editor, MRS. E. R. WAGNER*

*Home Secretary, MRS. R. C. KIRKWOOD*

The influenza has just ravaged our towns and some of our finest Christian people have died of it. It has been very severe all over India and our Marathi Mission has suffered severely. In Wai our Christian community all told, men, women and children, has something like 200 souls. In October 75 of these were among the sick. Our own medical assistant and both of our nurses had been having the influenza, and one of the two nurses had just died. We feel this loss keenly as she was a very capable and sympathetic nurse; her death has put an end to what seemed to us a very useful career. Her name was Radhabai, and she had been with us for a good many years.

Our Indian nurses are just fine; I have many times marvelled over what they are able to accomplish. But when I tell you of one admirable, yes even wonderful, coming from the very lowest of the outcastes in our part of India, you must be able to understand what a vast difference there is between an American nurse with her background of culture and ideals, and an Indian woman two generations, or rather one and a half generations, out of degraded Hindu heathenism! Our Wai Hospital is a fine place and we want ideal nursing to make it a still more effective Christianizing agency. So one of our greatest needs in our Hospital at Wai, is a *nurse*.

During the furlough of Dr. Lester Beals and Dr. Rose Beals, of Wai, the work is in charge of a young Christian man not long out of the medical school and of two trusted nurses, one of whom has just died. Dr. Lester Beals has been in strenuous duty in the huge Debarkation Hospital in the Greenbut Building, New York, and Dr. Rose Beals, with their four children, is in Hatfield, Mass.

R. F. B.

It has been a very hard year for the people of Southern India. All cotton goods have been many fold higher in price.

Rice is selling at rates higher than in famine times. Our early rains failed completely so that there was neither work nor cheap grain for the very poor. . . . . We are closing our school tomorrow because we cannot afford to keep open the remaining five weeks of the term. We have had a terrible year for sickness. From January to May, a very serious epidemic of small-pox swept over this part of the country. There were *many* deaths. One of our teachers and three of the pupils had the disease. At the same time an epidemic of measles broke out, twenty children in one class coming down with it. Since September we have been having a severe epidemic of Spanish Influenza. The disease entered the country by way of the Port of Bombay and has swept over the land from coast to coast, apparently entering every town and village. Almost every child in our school has had it. During one week my house servants, the school cook, matron, five of the six teachers, fifteen children, besides others of the compound, were all down with the disease! We had not a soul to help us in the care of these sick folks, excepting what two small boys could do in running and carrying for us. Mr. Elwood, fortunately did not take the disease; I did, but had to get up before I was over it to help minister to the others. Christinal, one of our nice young women teachers died here, and one child. A number of our village Christians have died. We are hoping that with the coming of the heavy rains the disease will abate. It has practically ceased with us simply because everyone has had it.

Among those who came in on the Nanking, Feb. 8th, were Rev. and Mrs. Emery W. Ellis of Lintsingchow, China. Their home address is 1355 South Hope St., Los Angeles. None knows better than they do the great need and the wonderful opportunity that awaits a physician for the Elizabeth Memorial Hospital at Lintsing.

## How the Armistice Was Celebrated at Aruppukottai

By M. B. Jeffery

**A**S Saturday, Nov. 16th was declared a holiday to celebrate the Armistice, and we had planned to dig for and lay the foundations of the new church soon, the men of the congregation decided that morning that they would celebrate the holiday with some real "Trench digging," turning the first earth themselves. It was a freewill offering of service, before which a season of prayer was held, a goodly company of people being hurriedly brought together. The men who were weavers by trade, toiled all that day in the broiling sun doing a work they were unaccustomed to. One woman, a church member of some means, added to the festivity of the occasion, and to the pleasure of the men, by treating them all to coffee in the middle of the morning. Monday the men gave another day of service.

For years the Aruppukottai congregation has not had sufficient room to gather comfortably to worship. The Boarding School children have been packed in the corners around the pulpit and down the aisle. The little old church was sold about four years ago, and the proceeds put into the new site. For a year or more the services were held on the Bungalow veranda, which was very unsatisfactory. While we were in America, a large shed was built for the special Campaign meetings, and they decided to keep and use this until the new church should be built, the people raising enough money to wall in the space under the shed.

### LAYING THE CORNER STONE

During the last week of November, all the pastors, teachers, catechists and Bible women were gathered together for the last workers' meetings of the year. Rev. M. Addison Hull, a Tamil preacher from Dindigul, had closed the conference with an inspiring address on "The Church's Duty." Friends were given an opportunity to make offerings for the new church, and in



a few minutes \$200. was raised. A goodly number of Hindu friends, among them some Government officials, helped to raise this fund. The audience then went out to lay the corner stone. Young women teachers sang two very sweet songs composed for the occasion. A Tamil Bible, some coins of 1918 issue, a list of the present church members, a statement describing the service and telling of the donors that made the building possible, were all put in place. Then Messrs. Hull and Jeffery laid the stone, the church committee insisting that their missionary should pronounce it properly laid.

Years ago, the Mothers' society and the Boarding School C. E. societies saved for this new church, the former, rupees 200, and the latter about half that sum, making a hundred dollars; and they are pleased to think that their money is doing this first work. The Boarding School children are having a day of denial to add their offering.

Upon Sunday, the pastor preached an inspiring sermon on Nehemiah building up the walls of Jerusalem, urging one and all to do his share in this new enterprise that means so much to Aruppukottai.

#### STILL ANOTHER CORNER STONE

Another happy day, the same week, the boys and girls of the Boarding School with banners and songs, led the entire audience some distance up the street, turned into the compound by the Boys' School premises, and crossed to the spot where the foundation of the new school building is being laid. The corner stone was there ready for placing. I wish I could picture to you that group of school children, Christian workers and friends as they stood there! It had rained earlier in the afternoon, and the sun had come out just in time to honor and brighten the occasion. The outdoor world is in its beauty now, in its dress of bright green, and the evening glow made it more beautiful!

The Tamil friends were very insistent that "madam" should lay the stone. We won our way in wishing to have it laid by our Tamil friend, Mr. Peter Isaac, B. A., a teacher in the

American Mission College in Madura, by having "madam" offer the prayer and pour the water before the lime was spread. The children sang two very appropriate songs, one being given in true Indian Folk Dance style. Then we were invited to seats under the trees where benches had been placed, and were entertained with songs, *kumi kollattum*, dialogues and drills of various kinds by the children of the Boarding School, until the sun sank in the west.

We are going ahead to build as much as the funds will permit. The plan is such that we can make additions as more money is available. We have grown way beyond our present quarters. Every day some class is compelled to seek some sheltered place outside, and all the other classes when needing elbow room must go outside for it. In the severe epidemic of influenza we have just been through, we were obliged to send the children home as we had no room to care for many sick children. Now the children are compelled to eat out of doors, even though it is wet and damp from the rains.

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**Miss Marguerite English writes from Pyeng Yang, Chosen:**

In your last letter to me you said, "Congregationalists have no work in Korea." I suppose that was just a slip and you meant to say "The American Board" because there is a large Japanese Congregational church in Pyeng Yang partly supported by the Congregational Church in Japan. How I do wish our Board had a band of missionaries out here to work among the Japanese. There is a big work to be done among them which has been almost untouched. There are no American missionaries of any denomination in Pyeng Yang working for the 20,000 Japanese there. Why should the leaders of the Korean people be thus slighted? I am sure that even the one lonely Japanese Congregational church there needs contact with American ideals, for I often hear that they are slipping away from the true principles of Christianity.

Pyeng Yang is the second largest city in Korea and ranks next to Seoul in population. Out of 60,000 people 10,000 are Christians, but these are mostly Koreans and the 20,000 Japanese who are not Christians weigh heavily on my mind and heart.



## Field Correspondents

Mrs. Lillian Cole Sewny writes from Ees Salt, Palestine, November 20, 1918:—

It is hard for us to realize here in Salt that the war is really over. I think I had just reached Salt when I last wrote you. Now I feel quite at home here in many ways. The town is like Talas in Turkey, only much larger. The people here are very backward and do not have the comfortable homes that people living in a town of this size would have in Turkey. They are, however, a fine-looking race, and Salt is a healthy place in spite of the filth, and the streets are filthy.

The women wear gowns that sweep the streets, and these gowns, I am told, are in one piece and serve for underclothing, head gear and a wrap for the shoulders. It takes forty yards of material to make a dress and it is most complicated; the poor women never have more than one at a time, and that is only washed once a year. The women carry great loads on their heads; all the water is carried from the lower part of the town to the upper, which is a very steep part, and this water is carried in the regular "oil tins," and they can carry them full without spilling a drop! The men's dress, too, is very picturesque. You know what the Arab dress is. They are almost all tall and stately, but not very fond of work—quite different from the people we are used to.

We have quite a big medical work here. It has been arranged that I am to do the dispensary work and our housekeeping, and Miss Fisher, the English nurse, will have the little hospital. She had it before the war, and is so happy to be here again.

I am enjoying the work very much. From November 1 to November 15 I did 596 treatments—that is, eyes and dressings of different kinds. The first weeks we had a good many bomb cases; children playing with bombs were injured. One day a party of six were coming from a village to Salt, and a bomb exploded in the road and injured them all. The Turks set many

traps before they evacuated the town, not only in the town itself, but on the road from here to Jerusalem. What a fiendish thing war is! This is all splendid experience for me.

Several hundred poor Armenians (refugees) have passed through here on their way to Jerusalem. So sick and forlorn. We have helped them along. Of course, they are not all sick, but many are, and how they have suffered! Almost all I have seen are from the Southern Turkey field.

**Mrs. Sewny writes from Acre, Palestine, January 19, 1919:**

I have just been having a little holiday in Egypt, part of which I spent with Miss Kinney and Miss Putney at Port Said. I found them both very well and so happy in their work. There is quite a big American Red Cross contingent there now, quite different from our early days. They are all congenial, most of them musical, and evenings they have good times together. They have a very nice sitting room built on the canal banks and also a row of rooms for the American Red Cross staff. All of these are plastered and so they are water proof and very comfortable. I could write a long letter about the Camp but I know you hear from there frequently. I was glad to see the old friends again but I would rather be in Palestine, moving along toward Turkey.

Dr. Clark and I left Es Salt just in time to spend Christmas in Jerusalem. We found most of the Unit there that were able, were planning to go out to Bethlehem for Christmas Eve. I had not been to Bethlehem before and was so glad of the opportunity to go, especially Christmas Eve. It had poured all day but the evening was beautifully clear with bright stars shining, one of which might have been the Star of Bethlehem. We went in our big truck—that is, most of us did. Some went on horseback and a few brave souls on donkeys, as they thought that was the proper way to ride into Bethlehem. We passed them wading through the mud but they reached there in a satisfied state of mind. It was bright moonlight by the time we reached there and Bethlehem looked like a very attractive town. I think it is cleaner than most of the towns around Jerusalem for the women from

there are much sought after as maids, as they are clean and intelligent. The truck could not go all the way to the church and so we had to walk through very muddy streets to get there.

I wonder if you have seen the church of the Nativity. I was surprised to find such a fine building and also a very sweet toned pipe organ. There was a vesper service at first that lasted from nine until twelve when high mass was celebrated. This lasted until two in the morning. The church was crowded with British, French and Italian soldiers and officers, then our party, and the rest were natives of the country. The Bethlehem women wear a very picturesque head dress and they looked very attractive. It was wonderful to be there where our Lord was born, and I felt it a great privilege. The music was so good (it was all intoning) that I did not mind the long service. We reached home at four o'clock in the morning.

We had a very nice dinner at our American Red Cross hospital and Mrs. Marden, Miss Jillson and some of the other ladies had fixed the dining room up with potted plants and greens so it looked quite like Christmas. The Unit and the workers connected with it instead of giving presents had given money to be sent to Beirut to Miss Morley for a Christmas treat for her orphans. Quite a sum was collected. Miss Jillson had a few remarkable looking presents from some of her Russian women. It was a very happy Christmas for every one in Jerusalem as well as in other places, knowing that the war had ended at last. We all felt deeply grateful to God. In the evening the children in the hospital had a tree and presents which was also very much enjoyed. Some of the British "Tommies" sang for them. I think it was the Welsh Red Cross Unit.

I left the day after Christmas for Egypt. I had a two weeks' leave of absence. I had expected to be sent to Damascus on my return but was sent to Haifa to help in the work left vacant by the marriage of one of the American Red Cross nurses to Mr. Metheny and the leaving of another for the United States. We have the German (now British Civil) hospital in Haifa with an Australian nurse in charge, and I came over to Acre

to help start the British Civil here. Acre is just across the Bay and is a most interesting place. The building when we get it fitted up will be very nice. At present it is all upset and looks rather discouraging. I love it here. The view from our windows overlooks the Mediterranean and on the other side I can see the hills of Galilee.

**Mrs. William T. Lawrence writes from the new station, Gogoyo, East Africa:**

We have here now about 30 converts. Two enquirers' classes have been started in preparation for forming a Church. The women meet in the carpenters' shed and the men in the boys' hut. The men are taught by one of our evangelists and Mr. Dysart takes the women. Attendance at Sunday services numbers about 50 and great interest is shown throughout. There have been two weddings, one our Evangelist Bhande, and the other one of the carpenters. The former married a girl he has been engaged to for a long time, the latter has married one of the young converts. She seems to be a very nice girl and was with me in the home for about three months. Both brides looked very nice in their simple white dresses and a few garden flowers pinned in their hair and about their dresses. I dressed both brides and gave them away. They were married on my veranda before an admiring, wondering crowd of natives. Many had never seen such a ceremony. My machine has been doing good missionary work. We have seven or eight of the married couples among the converts and these have all put on dresses. There was no one down here who could make dresses so they bought the cloth and brought it to me. I just cut out the dresses measuring them and fitting it on their fat and smelly bodies and then running them up on the machine. Later on when the garden work is over I want to form a sewing class for the women and girls so as to teach them to sew and mend their clothes and this will give opportunity for useful talks on different topics.



## A Woman Leader in Japan

By Edith Curtis

THE death of Madame Asako Hirooka as announced last month takes from Christian circles in Japan an outstanding figure. She was a member of one of the famous Mitsui families of Japan and was born in Kyoto in 1849. When she was about eighteen years old she married Mr. Shingoro Hirooka who belonged to one of the biggest banking families in Osaka. The Hirookas used to lend money to the *daimiyos*,

and so, when the Revolution came, and the *daimiyos* lost their positions, they were unable to pay their obligations to the Hirooka family, and the Hirookas found themselves well on the road to bankruptcy. Mr. Hirooka was a weak man, and the head of the family was even weaker, so she saw that, if anything was to be done, she was the one to do it. She took over the management of the family affairs, and soon proved herself a woman of remarkable executive and business ability. She opened coal mines in Kyushu and with the money from that enterprise she started the Kajimi Bank of Osaka. She has managed the Daido Life



Madame Hirooka



Insurance Company and the Koeki Kwaisha (Agricultural and Industrial in Korea and elsewhere). She was one of the founders of Joshi Dai Gakho (The University for Women in Tokyo), and for many years she devoted much time and money to this institution.

Her only daughter was married to Keizo Hitotsuyanagi (whom she adopted into the family according to Japanese custom,—that the Hirooka might not die out.) She turned the management of the Kajimi Bank over to him, and retired from business some time ago although her advise was always sought in important matters.

During all this period of business activity she was very much opposed to Christianity and Christians. But she became dissatisfied with everything. Her work for the Woman's University, and in the "Aikoku Fujinkai" (The Japanese Woman's Patriotic Association), was disappointing, and so, when she met Mr. Miyagawa (probably the best known of the Osaka Kumiai pastors) about eight years ago, she accepted his suggestion that she start a "Shuyokai" (Society for the Study of Culture) at the Shinizudane Girls' High School. She did so and many ladies and gentlemen attended the meetings.

Not long after starting the Shuyokai she asked Mr. Miyagawa "to teach her to enlarge her heart." She went to his house twice a week for a two-hour lesson. She took her secretary with her, who took down notes on the lessons. Mr. Miyagawa says he started out with a series of ten lectures on the philosophy of religion. At the end of the tenth lecture she said she would like to study the Bible. He took up the Gospel of John and gave a very difficult exposition of the book, but to his surprise she displayed intelligent understudy of it.

The following summer she went to Kariuzawa. She spent time in meditation and prayer and felt that she was really communing with God and felt joy that she could do so. But her brother came to be with her. They both enjoyed playing the Japanese game "go" ("go" is a perfectly respectable game played even by our pastors,—it can be likened to our checkers) and so

with her brother they spent much time at the game, often playing until late into the night. She found that she could not pray or enjoy meditation as she had in the past, even when she went to her former place of prayer. She was very much distressed, and finally, when Yamamuro Gumpei, the great Salvation Army worker of Japan, told her that she must give up the game of "go," as it was that which was standing in her way, she gave it up at once. The following Christmas (just seven years ago) she was baptized by Mr. Miyagawa.

It is an unusual thing for a woman of her age to become a Christian. But she has shown great earnestness in Christian work. When our big three-year Union Evangelistic Campaign was on, she amazed people with the vigor with which she went about the country speaking. She looked young on the platform and had an unusually strong voice. She was a fluent and impressive speaker, with the gift of inspiring large audiences. In these meetings she said that she turned to Christianity as the one religion which gives woman an equal opportunity with man.

Every summer since she became a Christian she has had a week's conference for teachers, writers, preachers, and a week's conference for young women (mostly teachers and writers) at her summer home. To this conference came well-known men to address the conferences on religions, theological and current topics. She was very fond of philosophy and used to invite two people at a time to come to her in the summer,—one to teach her philosophy and one to teach her Christianity.

She was a woman of simple tastes; other wealthy people have their automobiles, but she continued to ride in her "jinrikisha." She was fond of foreign things and foreign ways, and has worn European clothing for twelve years, (which, by the way, was more becoming to her than Japanese clothing). She had masculine qualities and was rather masculine in her manner. To those who know Japan it seems very remarkable that a woman born before the Miji Era, in a time when woman's place was lower than it is now, should have been able to come out and do the things she did. To have opened coal mines, started a string of

banks, managed other big business enterprises, and to have founded a Woman's University (for she was really the heart and soul of that institution for many years) was certainly quite a record for one woman; but besides that, she was an earnest worker in the Woman's Patriotic Association and in later years in the Young Women's Christian Association. It was largely to her efforts perhaps that the Y. W. C. A. came to Osaka.

She passed away January 14th in Tokyo and at her funeral it was noted how she had developed during her life time. First there were individual interests,—she saved her family from financial ruin by throwing herself into the business world; then she broadened out and became interested in the education of Japanese women,—and helped found the Woman's University; then as she became interested in Christianity her activities for her country widened; and at last the great world-war broadened her sympathies and she became a woman of the world.

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### Our Missionary Creed

We believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit.

We believe it to be our duty and our privilege to tell the story of salvation through Jesus Christ to all who do not know it.

We believe that, if we cannot go ourselves to tell the story, we ought to give freely and cheerfully that others may go.

We believe it to be our duty to pray for all Missions and Missionaries in the spirit of the prayer Jesus taught us, "Thy kingdom come."—*Exchange*.

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"To whom much is given, of him shall much be required." The great blessings that we have received are not for us to keep and to selfishly use. We are to be channels through which these blessings flow out to a needy world. Our hearts should be so full of gratitude that we should hasten to give to others the open Bible with all of the rich blessings it has brought to our own lives. Shall we selfishly keep for ourselves and withhold from the millions of our needy fellow men this great treasure?

Prayer  
at Noontide



Encircling  
the Earth

AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE WITH OUR PRESIDENT

### An Adequate Body for the Missionary Soul

We venture to borrow a thought from the editorial message in *The Congregationalist*, February 27.

“Our job today is to make the machinery for democracy, political, international and industrial; to give the soul of the world an adequate body. The present organization was adequate to express the soul of the Middle Ages, but the Allied Nations of 1919 have discovered they have a new soul which the present arrangements, both national and international are inadequate to express.”

We would not reprove the writer for omitting to list “missionary” along with “political, international and industrial” machinery. Perhaps “international” is a term of sufficient breadth to spread itself all over our missionary relations in the world!

Still we are irresistibly led by the true and fruitful thought to meditate upon a certain phase of it which intimately concerns the life of our churches.

The missionary interest of a church was expressed in the “middle ages” of modern missions in the form of a comfortable body clad always in feminine garments. Yes, to be sure, many men in the church had a heart for missions. We are speaking now of the organized expression of the heart. The church itself was body enough for the brethren. But the women felt the need of a distinct and separate body to contain and direct their missionary aims. So we have had the Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society, and very often living under the same church spire the Woman’s Home Missionary Society.

Taking these two entities out into the bright light of 1919, we cannot fail to observe in them a certain lack in symmetry and also in the fashion of their clothes. Many up-to-date or-



ganizations have adopted Union styles. At the same time we can but note a tendency towards Individualism in the more carefully developed churches. Young women of twenty-three express a preference for a style of their own, tailored and chic. It is not strange if such fashions fail to stimulate women of fifty-five to go and dress likewise. They naturally want to take Missions in soberer fashion. *Vice versa*, the older women, bewail it as they may, can not be expected to overthrow all the psychology of adaptability and constrain the young women to join their society, share their programme, and hold their cups of tea at the same tilt. There are the exceptional maidens of demure and serious moods who can enjoy missionary facts anywhere at any time. The rank and file of the younger generation seeks a body of its own kind. Not until they find it will Missions carry easily with youth.

In the progress made since 1900 by Religious Education, a differentiation in missionary instruction is creeping steadily into church life. The Ideal is definitely set up in some advanced churches—graded, adapted, continuous missionary instruction for each man, woman and child of the parish. With individualized educational methods travels also the individualized body or form to adequately express the soul of each homogeneous group in the church. There came to my knowledge recently the case of a church in a fine old New England town. After some years of a slow, quiet missionary interest centering in a small society of older women, several young women arrived at the decision that they would like to start some all-around organization to which their circle of friends could be invited. They chose the form known as an Association, personally saw every young woman, were encouraged at the outlook and happily anticipated the first meeting. There was but one drawback to their enthusiasm, and it was expressed to me by the energetic leader of the movement. "The older women are not going to like it, and I am sorry, but it seemed as if we must do something."

From some such reflections I arrive at a few conclusions which seem to me pertinent and suggestive to us who carry any degree of leadership.



1. The line of cleavage demanded by the best known principles of Religious Education runs in a different direction from the old line which separated the church according to preferences for foreign, home or church missions.

The new line tries to follow the clue of age requirements. The old line is regarded as uneducational because it sets off as one against another parts of the great, beautiful Heart of Christianity.

2. It is of vital importance that we win the young women to a knowledge of the great and compelling cause of world missions. Mission fields beckon to them, and their call should become more irresistible than that of Flanders' Field.

If any of us older women stand in the way by opposing the sort of Body by which these young women would choose to express their missionary Soul, can we not hasten to become willing to sacrifice, willing to take lesser positions, to express sympathy, to encourage, to pave the way by such attractive plans as our experience may help us to offer?

3. And finally, I note a belief within myself that the Woman's Board is to achieve growth and strength in the near future, if at all, largely by the acquisition of many groups of young women who will bring new members, new enthusiasm, new missionaries, new money.

As to financial development, a necessity of the present situation, an aim set ahead of us by every call of Providence, we must, of course, make a strong appeal to our mature, trained, reliable workers. But meanwhile, with definite planning for these spring months, we must seek to put our financial possibilities upon the broad democratic basis of many new organizations. Gifts, even if small, in sufficient numbers will count many thousands of our grand total, while at the same time they indicate broadening foundations of interest.

*Put stress on young women's organizations, Now.*

# Junior Department

## PLAN TO-DAY

DEAR GIRLS AND JUNIOR LEADERS:—

At last I have a chance for which I have been longing several years:—to put a small part of my enthusiasm for and belief in “Aloha” on paper. It is a fact that I have been there three summers and intend to go next July; it is a fact that I had a wonderful time and received inspiration to last me through a difficult winter. But you never knew, for I hadn’t a chance to tell you; and here is my chance.

I was just out of college and home for a year. Our minister’s wife came to me one day and said:—“I wonder if you wouldn’t like to go up to Northfield, to Camp Aloha, this summer? The Sunday school will pay part of your expenses if you will go.” I remember the emphatic refusal I gave:—“I’m sure I shouldn’t. I don’t like camp life: spiders on the ridge-poles of the tents and all that. And I know I should be bored to death.” But the next day saw the Annual Meeting of our Young Women’s Missionary Society and my election to the Presidency. Then I began to think: what should I do next year? Where get ideas in planning the work? I had never held such an office before; and it was several years since I had gone regularly to missionary meetings. Would “Aloha” give me the needed training and inspiration? It wouldn’t hurt me to try it at least. I went to the minister’s wife the next morning and told her that if it was not too late I would reconsider my refusal. It was not too late: so I went to “Aloha” in July.

Oh, girls! I didn’t mind the few small spiders after I got there! And I wasn’t in the least bored!

There are many denominational camps at Northfield, Foreign Missions week: Methodist, Baptist, Dutch Reform and Quaker, etc. But “Aloha” (the Congregational Camp) is the oldest and by far the best. The Presbyterian Camp (“Westminster” by name) has adjoined Aloha Camp for several years. The tents for these two camps have been pitched around Gould Hall, where

we eat, congregate on rainy days, and have use of the bathroom facilities. The tents are set in a row along the woods that cluster behind Gould. Every morning at 7.30 the Congregational girls slip out of their tents into the woods with rain-coats on arm and Bible in hand. And there on the pine-needle carpet on the edge of a ravine, within whose depths can be heard the crystal tinkle of a little brook, under the "murmuring pines" we have camp prayers, led by the camp leader, Miss Pullen, whom all the girls admire and love, or by one of the councillors. Prayers ended, the girls linger; the birds sing; the sun filters through the branches. And then the breakfast gong sounds.

We march in to breakfast to the swinging tune of the camp marching-song. And after our fresh-air orisons, we are very hungry.

We have had a visit from our camp councillor the day we arrived. She has explained the week's program to us and helped us select our classes. And so at nine o'clock we know just which of the Bible classes we want to attend: the one for girls under 18; the one for adults; or some of the others.

At ten come the Mission Study classes: methods for Young Women's Societies; aids for working out winter programs; study of individual missionary countries, and plans for all leaders.

At eleven is the class in the auditorium, led for several years now, by Helen Barrett Montgomery, that takes up the Mission Study Book planned to be used interdenominationally in Missionary Societies the following winter.

At noon is choir practice. The choir furnishes the music at all the evening services and Sunday morning; and every girl who loves singing will enjoy belonging to the choir, which usually numbers fifty or more.

Lunch treads on the heels of choir practice and then we have the afternoon ahead of us. And what a variety of entertainment is open to us in the afternoon! A reception, perhaps, where we can shake hands with the missionaries themselves; a camp picnic on Garnet Rock with open fires and basket lunches, stunts

and singing; a drive out into the open country; or an open-air pageant presented by all the camps.

Quiet hour is from two to three; so if you are in camp you either enjoy a refreshing rest yourself, or at least allow others to enjoy it.

Round-Top prayer meeting comes right after supper. And this is the favorite meeting of the majority of girls who attend the Northfield Conferences. It is another open-air prayer-meeting on the side of a hill that looks out over the Connecticut River valley, where the river winds like a silver ribbon between ranges of mountains, and you can see clear into New Hampshire. And as you sing the old familiar hymns, selected by the girls themselves, you are gazing at the purpling hills, whose hazy crests are outlined against a sky of gold and fire. And then, while the colors are fading to the hyacinths and amethyst shades, some one of the fine leaders of the week is talking to you, intimately and quietly, and answering personal doubts and questions.

The last meeting of the evening is by far the most interesting of all the meetings. Our missionaries speak to us themselves: they tell us of the life and conditions in the lands where they are working; they show us the importance of the work with which we are identified and which we can help so greatly; they give us personal messages and inspiration to take home with us.

Lights are out in the camps at ten. And sleep is deep and refreshing to our thoroughly tired bodies, for our minds are at peace, and the pine-scented air is blowing through the tents.

I was very far from sorry I had gone to "Aloha" at the end of my week. But I *was* sorry that I had to leave.

I have been back to Northfield, to Aloha Camp, every year since then. I wouldn't miss it for a week in Florida. I have made wonderful friends there. I need "Aloha",—its peace, inspiration and teaching. So will you if you try it once. Shall I hope to see *you* there this year? —*A Confirmed Aloha-ite.*

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*Note:* Write to the Junior Department, 14 Beacon Street, for flier of information if you have not received one and begin to plan now for next summer's fine camp.



**What They Say.**

Congregational leaders and Junior Department Superintendents write: "I think it a publication especially adapted to the missionary training of little people"; "My boys and girls can hardly wait until they come as they are so anxious to read them"; "I want to congratulate you on this splendid series. My primary and Junior children enjoy the stories very much indeed, and so do I, as I tell them. They are easy to tell because so well written."

A leader of another denomination says: "I have just discovered that your denomination has the honor of publishing them (Here and There Stories). I have six different stories of the series and I consider them so fine I want as many of the different stories as the sixty cents will pay for. I especially want the late ones."

Do you take the *Here and There Stories*?

**Two Good Story Books.**

For children from six to ten: *Friends of Ours*, by Elizabeth Colson—price 75 cents. Published in the Missionary Education Movement, but for sale at the Junior Department of the Woman's Board. A very good collection of stories designed to foster the feeling of interest and friendship for those all over the world to whom we are indebted for necessities and luxuries of our everyday life.

**For mothers and children:** *Stories of Far Away*, by Cora Banks Peirce and Hazel Northrop—price \$1.00. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, but for sale at the Junior Department of the Woman's Board. If you are often at a loss for story material, you would *love* this charming set of stories.

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"Work is a sacred trust. It is the opportunity to transfer into Eternity the greatest influence for good or bad, and the relationship of the worker with her task is the revelation of her sincerity towards God, towards humanity, and towards self."



## Woman's Board of Missions

*Receipts, February 1-28, 1919.*

MRS. FRANK GAYLORD COOK, *Treasurer.*

Friend, 50; Friend, 10; Friend,  
94 cts.; Friend 50 cts., 61 44

### MAINE

*Eastern Maine Branch.*—Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Belfast, Ch., Women, 20; Castine, Ch., 6; North Edgcomb, Ch., 1, 27 00

*Western Maine Branch.*—Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 132 Chadwick St., Portland. Norridgewock, Ch., 8, 8 00

Total, 35 00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE

*New Hampshire Branch.*—Mrs. Jennie Stevens Locke, Treas., 21 South Spring St., Concord. Int. Sarah W. Kendall Fund, 50; Andover, East, Ch., 6.48; Colebrook, Ch., 7.80; Enfield, Ch., 2.38; Exeter, Aux., 31; Gilmanon, S. S., 40 cts.; Lebanon, Dora B. Carter, 25, M. B. and Jr. S. S., 1.50; Lebanon, West, First Ch., S. S., 10; Newfields, Ch., 4; Tamworth, Ch., 4.50, 143 06

### VERMONT

*Vermont Branch.*—Miss May E. Manley, Treas., Pittsford. Belwos Falls, Aux., 15.18; Bennington, Second Ch., Aux., 16.77; Berkshire, East, Aux., 10, S. S., 5; Bradford, Aux., 26.38; Brattleboro, Mrs. Emma A. Wilder, 10; Dorset, East, C. E. Soc., 5.75; Franklin, Rebecka Guild, 28; Highgate, Aux., 5; Jeffersonville, Aux. (to const. L. M., Mrs. Carrie Lease), 25, S. S., 3; Jericho, Aux., 5; Ludlow, Aux. (Th. Off., 15.75), 19; Middlebury, Aux., 18.40; Morgan, Aux., 3.36; Montgomery Center, Ch., 7.28; Peacham, Aux. (to const. L. M., Mrs. Mary Mackay), 25; Rochester, Aux., 9.45; Rutland, Aux., 150, S. S., 20; St. Albans, Aux. (Th. Off., 12.06), 72.84; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., Aux., 65.38; Springfield, Sunshine Cir., 1.75; Troy, North, Aux., 4.50; Vergennes, Ch., 15.30; Wells River, Aux., 10; Woodstock, 15, 592 34

### MASSACHUSETTS

Friend, 100 00

*Andover and Woburn Branch.*—Miss Minnie C. Messenger, Treas., 24 Ashland St., Melrose Highlands. Andover, Mrs. George B. Driver, 10; Carlisle, Jr. Soc., 2; Lowell, Kirk Street Ch., Woman's Assoc., 62.50; North Andover, Trinitarian Ch., W. M. S., 10, 84 50

*Berkshire Branch.*—Miss Mabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Dalton, Penny Gatherers, 1.50; Lenox, Ch., 16.80, 18 30

*Canton.*—Abner Morse, 100 00

*Essex North Branch.*—Mrs. Leonard H. Noyes, Treas., 15 Columbus Ave., Haverhill. Bradford, First Ch., 22.50, S. S., Prim. Dept., 5; Newburyport, Belleville Ch., 19.27, 46 77

*Essex South Branch.*—Mrs. Lawrence Perkins, Jr., Treas., 27 Chase St., Danvers. Essex, Dau. of Cov., 10; Lynnfield, Center, Ch., 8.25; Middleton, C. E. Soc., 2.30; Saugus, First Ch., Aux., 2.50; Topsfield, Aux., 10, 33 05

*Hampshire County Branch.*—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Amherst, South, Aux., 20; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 51, S. S., 6, 77 00

*Middlesex Branch.*—Mrs. Walter S. Fitch, Treas., 13 Dennison Ave., Framingham. Marlboro, Marmiso Club, 40, 40 00

*Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.*—Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas., South Weymouth. Braintree, South Ch., Woman's Guild, 15; Marshfield, Aux., 10.60; Weymouth, East, W. M. S., 40; Weymouth, South, Old South Union Ch., Aux., Friend, 5; Wollaston, Park and Downs Ch., Woman's Guild, 50.55, 121 15

*North Middlesex Branch.*—Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch., Aux., 90, 90 00

*Old Colony Branch.*—Mrs. Howard Lothrop, Treas., 3320 North Main St., Fall River. Fall River, W. F. M. S., 137.50, Central Ch., Bible School, 10, First Ch., 181, Mrs. George L. Richards, 25; Mat-tapoisett, Aux., 28. Less ex-penses, 11, 370 50

*Springfield Branch.*—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Pal-mer, First Ch., O. J. S., 3.17, Six Little Helpers, 58 cts.; Springfield, First Ch., Woman's Assoc., 250; Thorndike, S. S., 50 cts., 254 25

*Suffolk Branch.*—Miss Margaret D. Adams, Treas., 1908 Bea-con St., Coolidge Corner Branch, Boston. Allston, Aux., 50; Arlington Heights, F. M. S., 30; Auburndale, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Boston, Central Ch., Miss. Study Cir., 187.20, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 75, Mt. Vernon Guild, 30, Friend, 25, Old South Ch., Aux., 1375.20, Friend, 250, Mizpah Class, 40, Union Ch., Monday Eve. Miss. Club, Miss Gertrude Bigelow, 25; Boston, South, Phillips Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 1.50; Brook-line, Harvard Ch., Woman's Guild, Y. L. For. Miss. Dept., 215, Leyden Ch., Aux., 75; Cambridge, Mrs. Maria T. At-wood, 50, First Ch., Aux., 25; Chelsea, First Ch., Winnisim-met Union, 121.50; Dedham Aux., 4.75; Dorchester, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., Friends, 5, Zeta Tau Kappa Club, 10, Second Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Carrie H. Murdock), 182.66, Village Ch., Aux., 14; Foxboro, Bethany Ch., O. J. S., 5; Franklin, Aux., 25; Nepon-set, Stone Aux., 9; Newton Centre, First Ch. in Newton, Woman's Benev. and Ch. Aid Soc., 23.70; Newton High-lands, Aux., 30; Roslindale, Ch., Mrs. Lucy M. Durham, 5; Roxbury, Imm. - Walnut Ave. Ch., For. Dept., 16; West Roxbury, Woman's Union, 10; Somerville, B'way-Winter Hill Ch., Dau. of Cov., 60, First Ch., 56.38, Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. J. J. Smith), S. S., 4, Prospect Hill Ch., Dau. of Cov., 10; Somerville, West, Lower Lights, 25; Watertown, Phillips Ch., M. B., 2.35, S. S., 15, 3093 24

*Worcester County Branch.*—Miss Sara T. Southwick, Treas., 144 Pleasant St., Worcester. South-

bridge, Aux., 5; Worcester, Adams Square Ch., 50, Hope Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 1.17, Pil-grim Ch., Woman's Assoc., 153.92, Plymouth Ch., S. S., 7.62, 217 71

Total, 4,646.47

## LEGACY

*Southboro.*—Mrs. Nancy J. Bige-low, through Treas. of Middle-sex Branch, 500 00

## RHODE ISLAND

*Rhode Island Branch.*—Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence. Friend, 500; Alton, S. S., 3; Newport, United Ch., Aux., 263.50, S. S., 136.56, 903 06

## CONNECTICUT

*Bristol.*—E. G. Bassett, 2, Mrs. Adeline H. Bowman, 20, George Bryce, 5, J. E. Condon, 5, Mrs. Mills, 2.50, C. R. Riley, 10, Mrs. Jennie R. M. Turner, 5, 49 50

*Eastern Connecticut Branch.*—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New Lon-don. Int. Eliza Freeman Wood-ward Fund, 10; Eastford, C. E. Soc., 12; Grassy Hill, C. E. Soc., 2; Ledyard, C. E. Soc., 5; Lisbon, Newent C. E. Soc., 6; New London, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 6; Norwich, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 5; Scot-land Road, C. E. Soc., 2; Windham, C. E. Soc., 5, 53 00

*Hartford Branch.*—Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford. Int. Clara E. Hillyer Fund, 90; Branch Gift, 80; Burlington, Aux., 6; Granby, C. E. Soc., 10; Hart-ford, Asylum Hill Ch., Mrs. E. P. Hammond, 5, Center Ch., Guild, 10, Fourth Ch., S. S., 15; Newington, Aux., 27; Ver-non Center, Aux., 9; Windsor Locks, Aux., 225, S. S., 10; West Willington, Mrs. E. J. Gardner and daughter, 10, 497 00

*New Haven.*—Douglas K. War-ner, 21 25

*New Haven Branch.*—Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. Int. on Funds, 5.18; Int. on Champion Legacy, 21.50; Friend, 15; Miss B. L. Comstock, 25; An-sonia, Aux., 40; Black Rock, Aux., 24; Bridgeport, King's

Highway Chapel, 15, Park St. Ch., Fullerton Cir., 225, S. S., 36.82; Cornwall, First Ch., S. S. Cl., 50 cts.; Higganum, Aux., 22; Ivoryton, Aux., 25; Middlebury, Aux., 50; Mt. Carmel, Aux., 21.90; Naugatuck, Ch., 10, Aux., 233.50; New Haven, Dwight Place Ch., Aux., 295; Redding, Aux., 10; Roxbury, Silver Cross Soc., 10; Shelton, Aux., 30; Stamford, Aux., 25; Waterbury, First Ch., Aux., 300; Woodbury, First Ch., Aux., 21.25; C. E. Soc., 20,

1481 65

Total, 2,102 40

NEW YORK

*New York*.—Mrs. Alice V. Morris, 50, Mrs. E. E. Olcott, 25, 75 00  
*New York State Branch*.—Mrs. Charles E. Graff, Treas., 46 South Oxford St., Brooklyn. Antwerp, C. E. Soc., 5; Barryville, W. M. S., 6.50; Binghamton, Plymouth Ch., S. S., 6; Bridgewater, W. M. S., 15; Brooklyn, Friend, 28, Central Ch., Jr. M. B., 1.51, Parkville Ch., Beginners' Dept., 5, Beta Philathea Cl., 5, Mizpah Cl., 5, Prim. Dept., 5, Puritan Chapel, S. S., Jr. Dept., 8, Prim. Dept., 5, W. M. S. (in mem. of Mrs. Harriet M. Jewett), 10; Brooklyn District, Y. P. Rally, 7.90; Canandaigua, First Ch., Aux., 250; Chatterton Hill, Ladies' Aid Soc., 25; Fulton, C. E. Soc., 5, S. S., 8.89; Groton, Crescent Class, 1.25; Hamilton, Jubilee M. B., 50 cts.; Ithaca, W. M. S., 15; Manhattan District, Mrs. Louise Gilman Rounds, 5; New York, Broadway Tabernacle, Soc. for Woman's Work, 500, C. E. Soc., 25; Norwich, Prim. Dept., 3; Philadelphia, M. S., 43; Pulas-ki, W. M. S., 18; Rennselaer, First Ch., W. M. S., 15; Schenectady, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 10; Sherburne, W. M. S., 40; Syracuse, Danforth Ch., Ladies' Union, 17.50, Y. L. Assoc., 20, Good Will Ch., S. S., 18, Plymouth Ch., Woman's Guild, 25; Utica, Bethesda Ch., Dr. Gwesyn M. B., 5; Wadhams, Aux., 5; White Plains, Woman's Soc., 50; Woodhaven, First Ch., S. S., 2.90; Wood- side, Miss Clara L. Blake, 5, 1225 95

Total, 1,300 95

NEW JERSEY BRANCH

*New Jersey Branch*.—Miss Martha N. Hooper, Treas., 1475 Columbia Road, Washington, D. C. D. C., Washington, First Ch., Mission Club, 50, Lincoln Temple, Aux., 25; N. J., East Orange, First Ch., Aux., 50; Lindenwold, S. S., 3.30; Montclair, Watchung Ave. Ch., Prim. Dept. S. S., 14.30; Newark, Belleville Ave. Ch., Aux., 5; Passaic, Aux., 25; Plainfield, Aux., 25; River Edge, Aux., 12.50; Upper Montclair, Aux., 50, 260 10

PENNSYLVANIA

*Pennsylvania Branch*.—Mrs. David Howells, Treas., Kane Blossburg, L. M. S., 3; Meadville, Park Ave. Ch., Aux., 10; Philadelphia, Park Ch., Plymouth Guild, 5; Scranton, Friend, 5, Plymouth Ch., 18.75, S. S., 10, 51 75

SOUTHEAST BRANCH

*Southeast Branch*.—Mrs. Charles E. Enlow, Treas., Winter Park, Florida. Fla., Avon Park, Ch., 5; Daytona, Aux., 35; Ormond, Aux., 30; Sanford, Ch., 28; Tangarine, Ch., 1.25; Tavares, Ch., 8; West Palm Beach, Aux., 10, 117 25

FLORIDA

*Crystal Springs*.—Miss A. L. Nutting, 30 00

IOWA

LEGACY

*Onslow*.—Mrs. Martha Campbell, by W. M. Dennison, Extr. add'l, 1050 00  
 Donations, 9,216 52  
 Buildings, 942 30  
 Specials, 85 00  
 Legacies, 1,550 00  
 11,793 82

TOTAL FROM OCTOBER 18, 1918, TO FEBRUARY 28, 1919

Donations, 48,719 88  
 Buildings, 2,797 39  
 Extra Gifts for 1919, 1,159 38  
 Specials, 555 72  
 Legacies, 5,799 57

59,031 94



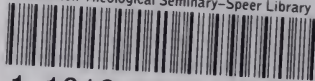
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Life and Light for Woman

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



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